A POEM

On the DEATH

Of His late MAJESTY

King GEORGE,

Of glorious Memory.

AND THE

ACCESSION

Of our preſent SOVEREIGN

King GEORGE II.

To the *Britiſh* THRONE.

By Mr. *BYLES.*

Ergo agite, et cuncti lætum celebremus honorem:
Poſcamus ventos, atque hæc mea ſacra quotannis
Urbe velit poſita templis ſibi ferre dicatis.

Virg. Æn. v.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A POEM

On the Death of King GEORGE I.

AND

ACCESSION of King GEORGE, II.

SAY, mournful Muſe, declare thy riſing woe;
What heaves thy heart; and whence thy ſorrows flow;
Why in thy face ſuch anxious grief appears;
And o're thy eye-balls ſwim the ſpeaking tears.
O GEORGE, thy death my flowing numbers mourn,
Thy ſacred aſhes, and diſtinguiſh'd urn:
Thee every muſe, and every grace deplores,
From *Thame's* banks, to theſe *Atlantick* ſhores;
Each bard, his grief in gliding accents ſhews,
And faireſt eyes diſtill their cryſtial dews.

O! were my breaſt fluſh'd with an equal fire,
Vaſt as my theme, and ſtrong as my deſire!
Then, mighty GEORGE, then ſhould my notes ariſe,
And ſpreading muſick echo round the skies;
Thy name, in tuneful meaſures lead along,
Should dance, harmonious, thro' my flowing ſong;
The raptur'd muſe thy awful form reveal,
Deſcribe thy counſels, and thy actions tell;

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Bid dying ſounds thy raviſh'd life bemoan,
Or ſhouting nations hail thee to thy throne;
Each varying ſcene, with various numbers crown'd,
Should earth, and ſea, and air, & heaven reſound!

Long e're his *Albion* triumph'd in his reign
His ſword glar'd dreadful o'er the *Hungarian* plain
Witneſs, ye troops, thro' whoſe wide ranks he ran,
Rouz'd the fierce war, and call'd the tumult on:
Say, how divinely then his aſpect ſhow'd,
What conduct ſhone, what dauntleſs courage glow'd,
When man to man, and ſmoke oppos'd to ſmoke,
Flames flaſh'd at flames, at thunder thunder broke,
When death, indignant, drove his iron car,
Thro' the dire havock of the raging war:
Ev'n now, behold! the intrepid Heroe flies
To meet the monſter with undaunted eyes:
Till ſmiling vict'ry, and immortal peace,
Hung o're his head, and bid the battle ceaſe.

Record, O heavenly Muſe, the illuſtrious day
When joyful *Britain* own'd the ſovereign ſway;
Conceal'd for ever, lye the acts that ſtain
The laſt black months of Anna's gloomy reign;
When ſecret treaſon work'd, when juſtice fled,
And loud deſtruction threaten'd o'er our head:
'Twas then, by heaven ordain'd, his happy hand,
From ruin reſcu'd the devoted land;

The

The ſtorm was huſht, the clam'rous factions laid,
And peaceful olive ſpread its wealthy ſhade.
So when dark clouds hang heavy o'er the main
And, bellying down, diſtend with floods of rain;
To heave them on, the winds their forces try,
While they, ſlow-ſailing, labour up the ſky;
The thickning volumes ſpread the heavenly dome,
And as they paſs, project a ſolemn gloom:
Diſolving now, a drizling dew diſtills,
Dampens the vales, and ſprinkles round the hills;
Still, gathering ſtrength, the airy ſluces low'r,
And on the fields, deſcends a copious ſhow'r,
Laſt, furious grown, down ruſh the rapid rains,
And pour impetuous, ſpattering on the plains.
If then the ſun breaks out, the ſhadows fly,
And the gay rainbow arches o're the ſky.

HAIL, happy ALBION! heavens peculiar care,
See thy Deliverer to thy ſhoars repair!
Flouriſh ye fields, ye groves exalt your heads,
Where *Thames*'s currant murmurs o're the meads:
And thou, AUGUSTA, ſparkling in my eyes,
Let thy tall towers, and ſhinning turrets riſe;
Where riches glitter; mirth for ever ſings;
And ſmiling plenty ſpreads her golden wings;
For thee, *Peru* her beamy face diſplays;
For thee the orient ſhores of *Ganges* blaze;
A thouſand pleaſures crown thy flowry plains,
While GEORGE divinely o're thy kingdom reigns.

BUT

But oh! at once the heavenly ſcenes decay,
And all the gaudy viſions fade away.
He dies! — my Muſe, the diſmal ſound forbear:
In every eye debates the falling tear:
A thouſand paſſions o'er my boſom roll,
Swell in my heart, and ſhock my inmoſt ſoul.
He dies! — let nature own the direful blow,
Sigh, all ye winds, with tears, ye rivers, flow,
Let the wide ocean, loud in anguiſh, roar,
And tydes of grief pour plenteous on the ſhore;
No more the ſpring ſhall bloom, or morning riſe,
But night eternal wrap the ſable skies.

Enough, my Muſe, give all thy tears away;
Break, ye dull ſhades; and riſe the roſey day:
Quicken, O Sun, thy chariot dazling-bright,
And o'er thy flaming empire pour the light:
O Spring, along thy laughing lawns be ſeen
Fields always freſh, and groves for ever green:
Let *Britain*'s ſorrow ceaſe, her joys enlarge,
The *Firſt* revives within the *Second* George.
Hail! mighty Prince, O ſhining Sovereign hail!
Fain would the Muſe liſp her prophetick tale;
In myſtic lays, thy future years relate,
And ſing the records of unripen'd fate;
Bid Thee, in fame's triumphant chariot ride,
And Carolina glitter by thy ſide.
Fair Princeſs, Thou! in whoſe majeſtick eyes
Dawn heavenly beauties, and immortal joys;

By thee, ſhall *Albion* future triumphs own,
And a long race of Hero's grace her throne:
Here, FREDERICK in the bloom of years ſhall ſtand;
Here youthful WILLIAM bloſſom o'er the land;
Thou ANNA, here, with charms celeſtial crown'd
And all thy heavenly Siſters flame around.

EV'N our far ſhores confeſs the big delight,
Where the faint ſun rolls down his golden light;
The dancing billows leap along the main,
Proud of th' extent of GEORGE's happy reign;
Applauding thunders ſhake the air around,
Waves ſhout to waves, and rocks to rocks reſound;
Each human breaſt glows with reſiſtleſs fire,
And ev'ry Angel ſtrikes his ſounding lyre.

O live, auſpicious PRINCE! live, radiant QUEEN!
Long let your influence guild the glorious ſcene:
And you, fair Off-ſpring, form'd for high command,
Flouriſh, ye blooming Honours of the land!
But when from the dim courts below you fly,
To the bright regions of the upper sky,
Where trees of life, by living riv'lets team,
Wave their talls heads, and paint the running ſtream,
May round your heads, crowns flaſh celeſtial-bright,
And regal purple change for robes of light;
Taſte charms ſtill new, and joys without decay,
While endleſs years in raptures roll away.

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